Dut. Thou tode, thou, tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantaget, his sonne?
Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women.
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamour report of warre,
Thus will *I* drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my sonne?
King. I, *I* thank God, my father and your selfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame *I* haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. *I* will be milde and gentle in my speech.
King. And briefe good mother, for *I* am in haste.
Dut. Art thou so hastie, I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.
King. And came *I* not at last to comfort you you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakfast onceforth of companie:
If be so gratious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for *I* shall neuer see the more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conquerour,
Or *I* with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

Which

Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armor that thou wearst,
My prayers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the litle soules of Edwards children,
Whisper the spirit of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, bloudy will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.
King. Stay Madame, *I* must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue?
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe, as false to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnskard from bleeding slaughter.
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.
Q. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.
King. Her life is only safest in her birth.
Qu. And only in that safetie died her brothers.
Kin. Lo at their births good stars were opposite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.
Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes destiny,
My babes were destinde a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
K. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile armes,
As *I* intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be discouerd that can do me good?
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.

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